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MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

So much has been done within the last twenty years in the study of the language, literature, and antiquities of the Gael both of Ireland and Scotland, that it is now possible not only to estimate with accuracy Macpherson's position in regard to the ballads and tales that contain our heroic literature, but also to decide with confidence in respect to the authenticity of his "Ossian" considered on historical and other scientific grounds. We shall here examine Macpherson's work in relation to the history, manners, mythology, amount of authenticity, and language which his Ossianic poetry presents.* And first, as to his history. Fingal is the general hero of the Ossianic poems of Macpherson. Who is Fingal? Literature and tradition know only of Fionn, Finn, or Fyn. Fingal is a discovery (an invention?) of Macpherson's own; perhaps it is a curtailed form of Finn-Mac-Cumhal.† Where he got or how he invented the name is hard to decide. Feredach-Fingal is given as a King of the Picts in the 4th century; there was a Fingal Abbot of Lismore in the 8th century; Fionngal was a valiant General of the Irish in the 10th century, as Keating says; and Fingal was a King of Man and the Isles in the 11th

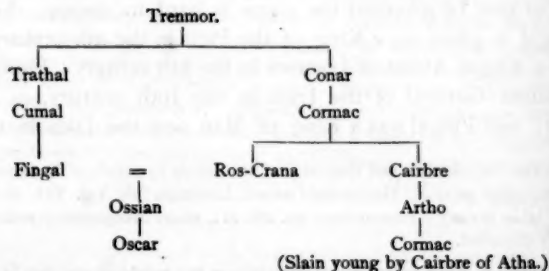
* For the contents and character of the heroic literature of the Gael, see the writer's paper on the "Heroic and Ossianic Literature" in Vol. XII. of the Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions, pp. 180-211, where Macpherson's relation to it is briefly discussed.

† "Out of *Finn macc Cumail* Macpherson has manufactured his *Fingal*," Dr. Whitley Stokes, "Celtic Declension," p. 71.

century. Curiously, a literary reference to Fionn as Fingal exists in Barbour's "Bruce":—

"He said: 'Methink, Martheokes son,
Right as Gow Mackmorn was won,
To have fra Fyngal his menzie,
Right so from us all his hes he.'"

Macpherson's Fingal was king of Scotland in the 3rd century. As a youthful king, he met Caracalla, the Roman Emperor, in 211, and defeated him. His grandson, Oscar, encountered Caros, that is Carausius, say in 290, and Fingal saw the death of Oscar after that. Consequently, we infer that Fingal was at least 100 years old at the Battle of Gabhra—Macpherson's Lena! Fingal was king of Western Scotland, north of the Forth and Clyde (Morven or Alba). He became great and famous; he gathered round him a band of accomplished warriors, and his own sons were conspicuous among them. Next to Fingal himself stands Ossian, the warrior poet, who tells these tales in his old age, and, then, the brave Oscar, son of Ossian. Gaul, son of Morna, stands next to these. The rest are mere names. The capital of the kingdom was Selma ("beautiful view"). In Ireland there was contemporaneously a dynasty of kings descended from the same family as Fingal. Ireland had been colonised in the south by the Belgae (Fir-bolgs), and in the north by the Gaels from Caledonia. These two colonies, of course, fought against one another; and the Gaels were forced to ask aid and a king from Alba. Conar, son of Trenmor, was sent over to help and to be king. The family connections will be best understood from this table:—



Fingal married Ros-Crana, daughter of Cormac, the second Irish

king, and she was mother of Ossian. On the death of Artho, Cormac, his son, was a minor, and the famous champion Cuchulinn, son of Semo, from the Isle of Mist or Skye, was chosen regent. Soon, however, a great Norse invasion under Swaran (Swero of Norway, 1201 A.D.?) took place. Cuchulinn asked the aid of Fingal, but engaged the Norsemen before the King of Morven arrived, and was defeated (*first two books of "Fingal"*). Fingal arrived when the battle was over, and next day engaged Swaran in a great fight, defeated and captured him, and then generously allowed him to return home (*last four books of "Fingal"*). Fingal then left Ireland, with Cuchulinn again in charge of it. But in the 27th year of Cuchulinn's age and 3rd of his regency, he was killed, shot by an arrow, in a battle at Loch Lego (*"Death of Cuchulinn"*). Cairbre, Lord of Atha and the Fir-bolgs, then rose against Cormac, who was defended by the sons of Usnoth or Usnech; but, as their troops deserted the sons of Usnoth, they fled leaving Cormac to his fate, but taking with them Darthula, a young lady whom Cairbre loved, but who hated him, not merely on his own account, but also for murdering her father. In their flight the sons of Usnoth and Darthula sailed for Scotland, but they were driven back by contrary winds again to Ireland, and, as misfortune would have it, they landed near Cairbre's camp. Cairbre met them and killed them with arrows, one of which pierced Darthula (*poem of "Darthula"*). Cormac was slain by Cairbre, but Fingal came with his heroes to revenge his death. Cairbre met them on the plain of Lena. Previous to the battle, he invited Oscar to his feast, and Oscar went. They quarrelled, fought, and both fell by each others' hands (*first book of "Temora"*). Then the generous Cathmor, Cairbre's brother, succeeded to the command. Next day the Caledonian army, under the command of Gaul, for Fingal always gave his heroes the chance first of gaining the victories and it was only when they failed that he himself appeared on the scene, fought a drawn battle with the Irish. The day after, Fillan, Fingal's son, commanded, the Caledonians were worsted slightly, and Fillan was slain. On the third day Fingal himself donned his armour, fought and routed the Irish, killing Cathmor. He restored the line of Trenmor to the Irish throne, and returned to

Scotland, resigning his spear to Ossian, who in future was to do the fighting. (*In this way, eight Epic books of Temora are spun out.*) Fingal died a natural death, evidently, and Ossian was at last left alone, old and blind, in the Vale of Cona, telling and singing his tales to "Malvina," Oscar's widow, and to the "Son of Alpin." He stumbles, perhaps, over a grave, or a shield sounds in the hall, and then the inspiration comes upon him, and out he pours his unpremeditated strain in Malvina's or in Mac Alpin's ears.

Detached poems and episodes fill in some details in this Fingalian history. "Comala" and the "War of Caros" concern Fingal's and Oscar's youthful encounters with the Romans in 211 and 290 (?). Two invasions of Morven form the subjects for the poems "Lathmon" and the "Battle of Lora." The first invasion was made in Fingal's absence by Lathmon, a British Prince; Fingal came back; Ossian and Gaul distinguished themselves by a night attack on Lathmon's camp, which "bears a near resemblance," as Macpherson says, "to the beautiful episode of Nisus and Euryalus" in the 9th *Æneid*. Lathmon was overcome and sent home unharmed. The "Battle of Lora" concerns a Danish or Norse invasion, and is founded practically on the ballad "Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne." A Scottish Knight ran away Paris-like with the wife of Erragon, king of Lochlin; the king invaded Morven for reparation, and was killed. The expeditions of Fingal and his son and grandson, Ossian and Oscar, to the Isles and to Scandinavia are the theme of a few shorter poems. These heroes generally went to assist some old king, whose power was usurped by some ambitious neighbour or even by his own son or son-in-law. "Cath-Loda" shows how Fingal was cast by a storm on the shores of Lochlin (Scandinavia, etc.), and how he defeated there Starno, the king, and his son, Swaran, and returned in safety to Morven. Before this period, he had been invited to Lochlin to marry Starno's daughter, Agandecca; Starno merely wanted to kill him; and, being foiled in this by his daughter revealing the plot to Fingal, he revenged himself by killing her. "Carthon" has, in a Macphersonic setting, a plot similar to the story of Cuchulinn and Conloch, but the names are all different. Clessamor ("Great feats"), which

might be an epithet of Cuchulinn, takes the place of that hero in the poem, and Carthon that of Conloch.

Such is Macpherson's history of Fingal and his people. Let us compare it with historic facts, so far as they can be ascertained. These facts come from two sources, the contents of the heroic literature of the Gael and the early history of Scotland and Ireland, as recorded in the native annals. In regard to the heroic literature, the history and facts which it purports to hold have already been set forth by the present writer,* but, summed in a general way, Macpherson is as hopelessly astray in regard to them as he is when his chronology and history is compared with those of the annalists and historians. Unfortunately from the state of Scottish History, we cannot deny that a king of the name of Fingal might not have ruled in Western Scotland in the third century: the lists of kings given by our chronicles of course recognise no such king, but these lists are little more authentic than Macpherson's own fancy. But, when Macpherson deals with the history of Ireland, his work and words can be checked. We know in a general way the history of Ireland from the beginning of our era till 500 A.D.—St. Patrick's time. Though the history may not be trustworthy in detail, yet its general features are evidently accurate. Cuchulinn is placed just at the commencement of our era. Cormac, the king, certainly existed in the third century. There is thus close on three hundred years between the epoch of Cuchulinn and that of Cormac, that is, between Cuchulinn and Fionn. Ireland, then and afterwards, was divided into five provinces, with kings for each. And above all was the Ard-righ or chief king ruling at Tara (Temora). The great Conn Ceud-cathach reigned as chief king from 122-157 A.D.; then his son-in-law, Conaire, till 165; thereafter followed Art, son of Conn, who reigned till 195. Then came a usurper, Lugaid, 195-225, and a Fergus till 226. In 226, Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn Ceud-cathach, succeeded to the throne. He was the greatest and noblest monarch that ever ruled in Ireland: commerce and literature flourished then, and in his time, too, lived Fionn and his men. He died in 266, and in 267 his son, Cairbre, succeeded him. Cairbre fell in 284, in the

See Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions, Vol. XII., pp. 180-211.

battle of Gabhra, slain by Simeon, son of Cearb, or, as tradition asserts, by Oscar of the Feinè. The idea that Scotland sent over kings and people to North Ireland shortly before is preposterous; the truth is exactly the other way. Macpherson's history is all manufacture, as usual, save some of the names. His double Cormacs and Cairbres are attempts to correct the errors of the 1762 edition in the edition of 1763.* So, too, when, in 1760, he killed Oscar and Dermid over a love affair, he had, in 1762, on finding the tradition about the death of these heroes too definite to be disregarded, to explain that the Oscar meant was not the son of Ossian, but another?

It is a perfect proof of manufacture that he places Cuchulinn and Fingal together, despite the fact that the ballads and tales, except the most debased of them, never confuse the epochs of Cuchulinn and Fionn. Curiously, Macpherson retains the chariot and horses of Cuchulinn, though he gives none to Fingal and his friends. True, he attaches the epithet "car-borne" indiscriminately to his fictitious heroes, but no one else save Cuchulinn actually uses a chariot. So far, and no farther, does he agree with the ballads in regard to Cuchulinn; it is a piece of unconscious authenticity. Probably, a more serious historical error is his antedating the invasions of the Northmen by five centuries at the least. These sea pirates did not appear in "Morven" or in Ireland till the 8th century; nor could there have been the facility of communication between Scandinavia and Scotland that is implied in his poems. Even the most vigorous Viking could hardly make more sea expeditions than Fingal. Yet the knowledge of shipping among the Gaelic Celts was poor comparatively, and certainly was nothing like what is implied in Macpherson's work. It may be objected that here he follows the ballads; to some extent the ballads do present considerable naval activity; but they cannot and seldom pretend† to have been composed by Ossian, a partaker and eye-witness of the feats he sings

* Pref. to 1762 Vol. and p. 143-4 of it; and p. 66-67 of 1763 vol. He found that Cairbre was son of Cormac, and not the other way; hence he has to double Cormac, and to make the one a grandfather to the other.

† Note how some of the ballads refer to a time long antecedent as a rule, "an àm nan laoch," etc., and many are dialogues reported as held between Ossian and Patrick.

about; the ballads are post-Norse, founding on older tales, but giving usually the life of the time of their composition, and of the time immediately previous, which was that of the Norse invasions.

Again, Macpherson's personal and place names are, outside the prominent traditional ones and those he borrowed from Toland in 1760, highly fanciful. His female names are especially open to objection: Malvina, "fair-brow;" Oigh-na-mor-ul, "girl-with-the-big-eyes;" Gaol-nan-daoine, "loved-of-men;" Sul-malla, "mild-eye;" Comala, "fair-eyebrow;" Agandecca, "face-of-snow," and so forth. Let it be observed that there are comparatively few female names in all the old ballads. Male names, like Classamor, "great-deeds;" Lam-derg, "red-hand;" Calmar, "brave-one;" Fonar, "tuneful-one;" Colg-ulla, "fierce-eye;" Corm-ul, "blue-eye," are evident forgeries. Personal names are rarely immediately significant; they may of course be reduced to significant roots, but length of time has obscured their immediate recognition. Compare Ossian, Oscar, Diarmat, Fionn, Goll, Morna, Cumal, etc., with Macpherson's own fabrications. The 1763 volume—"Temora"—is the worst offender in this respect. Place names are invented with greater ease: Gormeal, Lubar, Cromla, Cromleac, Selma, Morven, Ardven, Carric-thura, etc. Traditional and real names are often misused. Moy-lena is placed on the seashore in Ulster with the palace of Temora or Thura, that is Temra or Tara, placed beside it. Now, both Moy-lena and Tara are far inland in Meath and King's County, a long way from Ulster. Moy-lena is the scene of all the battles both in "Fingal" and "Temora." The fact is this: In respect to history and geography, Macpherson thought that these pre-Christian times were a blank mythic space where he could roam unchecked inventing history, customs, proverbs, and places. Unfortunately for him, the heroic literature and even the ballad tradition are very precise in their use of the proper names, and we do possess fairly good records of Irish history for the time between 1 and 500 A.D.

The manners and customs of Macpherson's Ossianic times, vague as they are, are outrageously untrue to fact; but they are just such as we might expect to meet in Macpherson or in any 18th century attempt in the same way. The literary revolt

against the correctness, prettiness, and artificiality of Pope's school of poetry, and the great desire to rush from artificial civilisation—from society and politics—to nature and to man in his natural and primitive simplicity, were gaining volume and impetus at the time Macpherson's literary career began. Only ten years before, Rousseau, in France, began to argue that man was not the better for civilisation, and with such effect that Voltaire could say:—"Really, the reading of your work makes one anxious to go on all-fours." Imagined merits of the noble savage were contrasted with the known demerits of the bewigged formalist, who lived a life of shams; and many hearts, as Henry Morley well says, were throbbing with desire for the recovery or the attainment of a state of innocence, love, and truth. The Celts, with their love of nature, were stepping in on all sides to save and to raise English literature; and Scotland—its capital, Edinburgh, especially—was teeming with literary activity, mainly Celtic in its inspiration and aspirations. Surely behind those Grampian hills must exist poetry of a natural kind, possibly barbaric, yet grand and noble, as the barbarian and savage race was fancied then to be! Did not the noble Calgacus, in the pages of Tacitus, read a lesson to the proud Romans of his time? Did he not show them the grandeur and nobility of barbaric and primitive life, as compared with the corruption, greed, and impurity of their Roman civilisation? And so the literary men of Edinburgh turned their eyes to the Gaelic Highlands, and wondered if the spirit of Tacitus' Calgacus and his heroes still existed in their ancient poetry. Home, the poet, was much interested in the matter, and when, in 1759, he met Macpherson at Moffat, he questioned him on the subject. Macpherson's answer was quite equal to Home's expectations; and upon a little pressure, and under protestation that he could not do justice in any translation to the grandeur of the original, Macpherson did translate a poem for Home—the "Death of Oscur." This poem pleased Home immensely; the poem recounted the death of Oscur, and purported to be composed by Ossian, his father. This first Ossianic poem is in every respect characteristic of Macpherson's work and method, and yet it was afterwards rejected as a forgery even by Macpherson himself. Its plot is this:—Ossian

opens with two paragraphs addressed to the "Son of Alpin," asking why he opens afresh the spring of grief, inquiring how *Oscur* fell. "I, like an ancient oak on *Morven*, I moulder alone in my place. The blast hath lopped my branches away; and I tremble at the wings of the north. Prince of the warriors, *Oscur*, my son! shall I see thee no more!" *Dermid*, son of *Mornny*, and *Oscur* were friends, with friendship "strong as their steel." The only match for the one was the other. They killed mighty *Dargo* in the field, and then fell both in love with *Dargo's* beauteous daughter, who was "fair as the morn; mild as the beam of night. Her eyes, like two stars in a shower; her breath, the gale of spring; her breasts, as the new-fallen snow floating on the moving heath." And she loved *Oscur*, the hand that slew her father! *Dermid*, in despair, asked *Oscur* to slay him; they fought and *Dermid* fell. *Oscur*, in sadness, goes to the lady; she shoots at a shield, behind which he took his stand. "Her arrow flew and pierced his breast." And finding him dead, she at once killed herself. Such is the poem. A note carefully explains that nothing was held more essential to their glory by Highlanders than to fall by the hand of some person worthy or renowned. Hence *Oscur's* stratagem to get the lady to kill him. But the suicide of *Dargo's* daughter he suspects to be an interpolation, because such a thing was unknown in those times. So, too, he scouts the idea that *Deirdre* (*Darthula*) committed suicide, though the heroic literature of both Scotland and Ireland agree that such was the case. Surely, he must have forgotten that *Queen Boadicea*, "in those early times," died by her own hand!

This poem, as was said, is characteristic. Well known names are taken; they do things which are purely Macpherson's own fiction; there we find Ossian's loneliness and the address to *Mac Alpin*; there are the beautiful touches of description, and especially the description of the lady, which is thoroughly Gaelic in its conception, but the images as usual are more remote, vague, and second-hand than the more material ones of Gaelic songs; there is the Macphersonic sentimental ending—the heroes and the lady dying for love and grief—the lady on this occasion only killing herself for grief. The only leading characteristics we miss are the ghosts and the man's dress which Macpherson's heroines

so often don. The fate of this heroic idyll is very instructive. It may be looked for in vain in the ordinary editions of "Ossian." For Macpherson was at first not deeply versed in the Ossianic literature; he knew leading names and some facts—the Norse invasions and especially the ballad of Essroy; but his "Fragments" show that his knowledge of the history contained in the ancient literature was confined to the pages of Toland, from whom he borrows in these "Fragments" many of his names, and more especially the absurd form *Cuchulaid* for Cuchulain. But when he travelled the Highlands, he found the tradition and the ballads as to the deaths of Oscar and Diarmid so widespread, so definite and so much ingrained into the Fionn story, that he was forced to abandon his own version for the correct one. Now, how did he get out of the difficulty? By a piece of very clumsy audacity. The poem was repeated in a note at the end of "Temora" in the 1762 volume, with alterations and the remark that this Fragment of 1760 gave a different version of the death of Oscar from the one of general tradition, which he now adopted. He knew the general tradition, but he was unwilling, he said, to reject a poem, which, if not Ossian's composition, had much of his manner and concise turn of expression. A better copy of the Fragment, however, came to hand, and now he found that not Oscar, son of Ossian, was meant, but Oscar, son of Caruth, and Dermid, son of Diaran. The amended poem opens with the same two paragraphs addressed to Mac Alpin lamenting the loss of his son Oscar, and, then, the amended part comes in with the third paragraph thus: "But, son of Alpin, the hero [Ossian's own son] fell not harmless as the grass of the field; the blood of the mighty was on his sword, and he travelled with death through the ranks of their pride. But Oscar, thou son of Caruth, thou hast fallen low! No enemy fell by thy hand. Thy spear was stained with the blood of thy friend." And yet this is the first poem of Ossian that Macpherson produced! It is typical of the whole work!

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, FIRST EARL OF CAITHNESS,
OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

THE Earldom existed for a long period, and was held by other families before it was acquired by the *Sinclairs of Roslin*. The St. Clairs of Roslin were Earls of Orkney and Caithness; and the Earldom of Caithness, as a separate Earldom, was conferred on William Sinclair in 1455 by King James the Second of Scotland. The Sinclairs were of Norman extraction, and came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066. It is said that they belonged to a small village in Normandy named Sanct Claro. They arrived in Scotland in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, as differences had arisen between them and those who held sway in England at the time. They considered that they had not been adequately rewarded for services which they had performed, and that was the reason why they left England and took up their abode in Scotland. There was another cause that might have induced them to settle in Scotland. They knew that it was the policy of Malcolm Canmore to get some of these Norman Barons to his kingdom, and on that account they no doubt calculated that fortune would favour them more in Scotland than in England. It is unnecessary to state that they were well received at the Scottish Court. The first of the name who it is believed took up his residence in Scotland was William de Santo Claro, a son of Waldernus Compte de St. Claro, and Margaret, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy. Extensive tracts of land were given to them, and in this way the Barony and lands of Rosslyn came into their possession.

There were three of the St. Clairs of Rosslyn Earls of Orkney—William Sinclair, the subject of our present sketch, being the third Earl. He was the son of Henry, the second Earl, and of Egidia, the only daughter and heiress of William Douglas, Earl of Nithsdale.

This William, Earl of Orkney, and first Earl of Caithness in

the Sinclair line, was a very able and distinguished man in his day and generation. He held many important offices in the State, and had considerable political influence; he was a great lover of the beautiful in architecture, and built the far-famed Chapel of Rosslyn; he enjoyed the confidence of Kings James the First and Second of Scotland, and was entrusted by them with several important missions connected with the State, while he encouraged those who were engaged in literature at a time when it was meagre alike in extent as it was in substance. In the "Lives of the Officers of the Crown," by Crawford, he is described as a man of "great parts, authority, and power." From all that can be gleaned of him, he appears to have been a man of sound judgment, exquisite tastes, and extensive acquirements—a nobleman singularly tolerant, yet firm of purpose, and one who, apparently, in rough and troublesome times, succeeded in a pre-eminent degree, wisely and well in all his undertakings.

He was Chancellor of Scotland, and filled the important office with much acceptance to the sovereign, as well as satisfaction to the lieges. When Lewis the Dauphin, son of Charles VII. of France, was to be married to the Princess Margaret of Scotland, King James the First selected the Earl on account of his qualities of head and heart, to accompany his daughter to the French Court, and witness the marriage ceremony on behalf of the Scottish nation. The Earl would never have been appointed to conduct such an expedition unless he had enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his sovereign, and be able to represent his country in a graceful and becoming manner at the French Court. Tytler in his "History of Scotland," states that the Earl "was accompanied by a splendid train of the nobility," and again, "The Bishop of Brechin, Sir Walter Ogilvy, the Treasurer, Sir Herbert Harris, Sir John Maxwell of Calderwood, Sir John Campbell of Loudon, Sir John Wishart, and many other barons attended in her suite" (that of the Princess Margaret). "They were waited upon by a hundred and forty youthful squires and a guard of a thousand men-at-arms, and the fleet consisted of three large ships and six barges." Father Hay, a scion of the family, in his 'Genealogical History of the Sinclairs of Roslin,' gives a rose-coloured account of the matrimonial expedition, and

says that the Earl was accompanied by "100 brave gentlemen, twenty of whom were clothed with cloth of gold, and had chains of gold, and black velvet foot mantles; twenty with red crimson and chains of gold, and black velvet foot mantles; twenty were arrayed in white and black velvet, signifying his arms, which is a cross in a silver field; twenty in yellow and blue coloured velvet, signifying the arms of Orkney, which is a ship of gold with a double tressure of *flower de luce* going round about in a blue field; and twenty diversely coloured, signifying the divers arms he had with him." Father Hay was no doubt pleased with the gloss and glitter he so accurately delineated; and he then describes the imposing marriage ceremony and the magnificent entertainment which followed, at which the Earl and his suite were all present. In narrating the reception of the Earl in France by the French King, Father Hay writes that "the Earl was honoured of all men in that country, and loved of King Charles, who, on the eve of his (the Earl's) departure for Scotland, conferred on him one of the French Orders of Knighthood."

During the time in which the Earl lived, titles of honour were in great demand, and he had a long list of them. He was Earl of Orkney, Duke of Oldenburg, Earl of Caithness and Strathearn, Lord St. Clair, Lord Nithsdale, Baron of Rosslyn, Baron of Pentland and Pentland Moor in free forestry, Baron of Cousland, Baron of Cardin St. Clare, Baron of Herbertshire, Baron of Hertford, Baron of Graham Shaws, Baron of Kirkton, Baron of Cavers, Baron of Newborough, Baron of Roxburgh, &c., Knight of the English Order of the Garter, and of the French Order of the Cockle, Lord Admiral of the Scottish Seas, Lord Warden of the Three Marches, Lord Chief-Justice, Great Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant of Scotland.

The office of Hereditary Grand Master of the Order of Freemasonry in Scotland belonged to the St. Clair's, and this office was retained in the family until they had parted with nearly all their other honours. It was, however, resigned to the Scottish Grand Lodge. In 1446 the Chapel of Rosslyn was founded by the Earl, and it certainly testifies to the wealth and splendour of the family in the olden time. The erection of the Chapel took up much of the Earl's time, and he collected the most skilled

masons from every quarter in Europe to finish the building. The Masons of Christendom were then in a society, their principal employment being in the erection of churches and chapels, while they were kept together by oaths and observances, which prevented those uninitiated in the mysteries of the craft from a due appreciation of the designs and countless details of the architectural art. The Chapel, even at this day, is proof enough of the taste and love which William Sinclair entertained for the sublime and beautiful in architecture. The situation of the Chapel is excellent, while the surrounding scenery is varied and picturesque. The lyric muse has not forgotten its charms, and the sweet and plaintive air of Roslin Castle is familiarly known in almost every Scottish home. It has been remarked that the Chapel "is one of the most curious and singularly beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture extant," and, further, "that elegance may be considered its predominant characteristic. The extreme beauty and fine proportions of the various clustered pillars cannot be contemplated but with feelings of intense admiration, and everywhere there is that profusion of ornamental carving as if the whole stores of a rich but chastened imagination had been expended on the work." George, Earl of Caithness, who died in 1583, was buried in the Chapel. The Barons of Roslin were buried in their armour without any coffin, and there was an old tradition that on the death of any member of the family that the turrets of the Chapel were supernaturally illumined by fire. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, alludes in graphic and pointed lines to this incident—

O'er Rosslyn all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam,
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Rosslyn Castle rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Rosslyn's chiefs unconfined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Blazed battlement, and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh,
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

The Earl lived at Rosslyn Castle in princely style—in a manner that no nobleman in Scotland surpassed, or even equalled. Father Hay states:—"He had his halls and chambers richly hung with embroidered tapestry. He was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver—Lord Dirleton being Master of the Household; Lord Borthwick his Cup-bearer; and Lord Fleming his Carver. His Countess had serving her 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters to noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, and 200 riding gentlemen who accompanied her in all her journeys; and, if at any time she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, she had 80 lighted torches carried before her."

The Earl was twice married. His first wife was Margaret, Countess of Buchan, a daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas. Her husband, the Earl of Buchan, was killed in the Battle of Vernuil, while fighting with the French against the English. He held the office of Constable of France for some time. The Earl and the Countess were within the prohibited degrees, and shortly after the marriage took place it was dissolved, but they were married a second time on obtaining the necessary dispensation from the Pope. Two children were born of the marriage, namely (1), William, styled "Williame the Waster." It is believed that this term was applied to him on account of his extravagant and reckless habits. He is called "Waster" in old writs, and it may be safely assumed that it was for some reason of this kind that the Chancellor passed him over in the matter of the title. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Rothes, and they had a son, Henry, who was the first Lord Sinclair of Ravensburgh. He was killed at Flodden. Gavin Douglas, the celebrated Bishop of Dunkeld, at his desire, undertook the translation into Scottish verse of the *Æneid* of Virgil; and (2), a daughter, Catherine. She was married to Alexander Stewart, Duke of Albany, a brother of King James the Third of Scotland.

The Earl's second wife was named Marjorie, daughter of

Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath. Sir Robert Gordon, in his "History of the House and Clan of Sutherland," states that this Alexander was the eldest son of John, Earl of Sutherland, but in the Peerage case with Sutherland of Forse, this was disproved. It is now supposed that this Alexander Sutherland of Dunbeath belongs to the Thorboll or Duffus branch of the Clan Sutherland. By his second marriage, Earl William had five sons and four daughters. The sons were named (1) Sir Oliver of Rosslyn; (2) William, who succeeded to the Earldom; (3) Sir David Sinclair of Swinburgh; (4) Robert, whose name appears in a deed in 1506; and (5) John, who was nominated Bishop of Caithness. The daughters were named Eleanor, Marion, Elizabeth, and Marjorie.

Considerable controversy has taken place regarding the seniority of Sir Oliver. Father Hay supports the theory that Sir Oliver was the eldest son from the fact that he succeeded to Roslin and the other valuable properties, whereas the second Earl only acquired "the barren domains" of the Earldom. Others allege that he was younger than William, the second Earl. The charter which James II. granted to the Earl is dated 28th August, 1455, at Edinburgh, and is written in Latin. It conveyed to the Earl "*Comitatum nostrum de Caithness cum titulis de Carnoch et Eminavir campertinentiis et aliis pertinentiis dicti comitatus*"—the estate was declared a free barony. In 1471 the Earl gave up to the Crown his Earldom of Orkney, in exchange for which he procured a grant of the Castle of Raven's Craig, with the lands of Wiltoun, Dubbo, and Carbarry, together with a pension of "400 merks from the great customs of the burgh of Edinburgh."

In 1476, the Earl resigned the Earldom in favour of his second son (William) by the second marriage, and King James the III., by Charter under the Great Seal, confirmed the same.

It is clear enough that William Sinclair, the ex-Earl of Orkney as well as of Caithness, led a very active and eventful life. He does not appear to have got mixed up in any way in the broils and conspiracies of the times. He must have been exceedingly shrewd, and possessed of great tact, ere he could have kept himself aloof from the network of jealousies and estrangements

then so common in the ranks of the nobility. He died in the year 1480, and was buried in the Chapel of Roslin, which he had founded, and to the completion of which he had devoted himself with so much energy, trouble, and perseverance.

An old writer gives the following description of the Earl:—"He was a very fair man, of great stature, broad bodied, yellow hair, straight, well-proportioned, humble, courteous, and given to policy, as the building of castles and churches, and planting of forests, which his works do yet testify." The Sinclairs may feel proud in having such a man the base of their pedigree; and it is very surprising that for upwards of four centuries the clan never was without a male representative to take up the Earldom.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

(Continued.)

WHEN he arrived at Dunvegan Castle, Dr. Johnson was suffering from a cold, which became worse in consequence of his travels in such wet weather. Boswell, under date of 16th September, says—"Last night much care was taken of Dr. Johnson, who was still distressed by his cold. He had hitherto most strangely slept without a nightcap. Miss Macleod made him a large flannel one, and he was prevailed with to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, 'I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far.' Johnson—'Nay, madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off. It was prescribed me not to drink wine; and having broken off, I have never returned to it.'" Miss Macleod of Macleod remembers her great-aunt, one of General Macleod's sisters, who was present with Dr. Johnson, quite well, and

she supplies us with the following interesting reminiscence:—"I have often heard," she says, "my great-aunt, who lived until I was nearly grown up, speak of the visit of Dr. Johnson. Neither she, nor the other girls, seem to have appreciated his conversation as their mother and brother did. She used to say that he spoke crossly to the servants; and on one occasion, when the peats for his bedroom fire did not please him, he quite lost his temper, and insisted on going out himself to the peat stack in the court. As it was raining, and he went out without his hat, he caught a worse cold, and remained in bed for some hours in the morning. Lady Macleod thought it her duty to go up to inquire whether he had all he wanted. She presently returned to her daughters laughing, and told them that he had his wig on, turned inside out, with the back to the front, to keep his head warm. 'I have often,' she said, 'seen very plain men, but any one so ugly as Dr. Johnson lying in bed in that wig, I have not seen, and never expect to see again.'" It was probably in consequence of this episode that one of the Misses Macleod made for him the flannel nightcap mentioned by Boswell.

On Saturday, the 18th, a discussion took place between Lady Macleod, Dr. Johnson, and Boswell on the advantages and disadvantages of Dunvegan Castle and its situation. Mrs. Macleod expressed herself in favour of building a house on a farm she had taken about five miles away, where she could have a garden and other improvements which could not be had at the Castle. Boswell insisted that, whatever might be done in the way of building a house elsewhere, the seat of the family should always be upon the rock of Dunvegan, and Dr. Johnson said that the new house must not be such as to tempt the Laird of Macleod to go thither to reside. Mrs. Macleod insisted that the Castle was very inconvenient; no good garden could ever be made near it; it must always be a rude place; it was a herculean task even to make a dinner in it. Boswell protested. "No, no, keep to the rock; it is the very jewel of the estate. It looks as if it had been let down from heaven by the four corners to be the residence of a chief. Have all the comforts and conveniences upon it, but never leave Rorie More's Cascade." Mrs. Macleod persisted in her opinions. "Is it not enough," she said, "if we keep it? Must we never have

more convenience than Rorie More had? He had his beef brought to dinner in one basket and his bread in another. Why not as well be Rorie More all over, as live upon this rock? And should not we tire, in looking perpetually on this rock? It is all very well for you, who have a fine place, and everything easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." "Yes, madam," replied Boswell, "I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy were I not upon it;" when Dr. Johnson, in a stentorian tone and a determined manner, burst in with the remark, "Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon." The lady made another appeal for her pretty farm, rich soil, and fine garden, but Johnson insisted that, if the Castle were his, he would not leave it upon any conditions.

Referring to this conversation afterwards, Sir Walter Scott says that "Dunvegan well deserves the stand which was made by Dr. Johnson in its defence. Its great inconvenience was that of access. This had been originally obtained from the sea by a subterranean staircase, partly arched, partly cut in the rock, which, winding up through the cliff, opened into the court of the Castle. This passage, at all times very inconvenient, had been abandoned, and was ruinous. A very indifferent substitute had been made by a road, which, rising from the harbour, reached the bottom of the moat, and then ascended to the gate by a very long stair. The present chief, whom I am happy to call my friend, has made a perfectly convenient and characteristic access, which gives a direct approach to the further side of the moat in front of the castle gate, and surmounts the chasm by a drawbridge, which would have delighted Rorie More himself." The surroundings of the Castle have been much improved even since the time of Scott, and it now combines all the comforts and convenience of a modern residence, with the strength and halo of antiquity.

The Doctor was so comfortable at Dunvegan that he was quite unwilling to leave it. On Saturday Boswell proposed that they should take their departure on Monday, to which Johnson replied—"No, sir. I will not go before Wednesday. I will have more of this good." They, however, left Dunvegan Castle on Tuesday,

the 21st of September, the ninth day of their visit, and proceeded to Ulinish, where they arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and were entertained by the tenant, Mr. Macleod, then Sheriff-Substitute of the Island, "a plain honest gentleman, a good deal like an English justice of the peace; not much given to talk, but sufficiently sagacious, and somewhat droll." His daughter, "though she was never out of Skye, was a very well-bred woman." They remained at Ulinish until Thursday morning, when they set out for the residence of Colonel Macleod of Talisker, who, Boswell informs us, "having been bred to physic, had a tincture of scholarship in his conversation, which pleased Dr. Johnson, and he had some very good books; and being a Colonel in the Dutch Service, he and his lady, in consequence of having lived abroad, had introduced the ease and politeness of the Continent into this rude region" of the Isle of Skye. Before leaving the Island, Dr. Johnson sent the following letter to Macleod of Macleod from Ostaig, the residence of the Rev. Martin Macpherson, then Minister of Sleat:—

"Ostig, 28th Sept., 1773.

"Dear Sir,—We are now on the margin of the sea, waiting for a boat and a wind. Boswell grows impatient; but the kind treatment which I find wherever I go, makes me leave, with some heaviness of heart, an island which I am not likely to see again. Having now gone as far as horses can carry us, we thankfully return them. My steed will, I hope, be received with kindness; he has borne me, heavy as I am, over ground both rough and steep, with great fidelity; and for the use of him, as for other favours, I hope you will believe me thankful, and willing, at whatever distance we may be placed, to show my sense of your kindness, by any offices of friendship that may fall within my power.

"Lady Macleod and the young ladies have, by their hospitality and politeness, made an impression on my mind which will not easily be effaced. Be pleased to tell them that I remember them with great tenderness, and great respect.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

(Signed) "SAM. JOHNSON."

"P.S.—We passed two days at Talisker very happily, both by the pleasantness of the place and the elegance of our reception."

In his "Journey to the Western Islands," Johnson himself, describes his arrival at Macleod's residence thus:—"To Dunvegan we came, very willing to be at rest, and found our fatigue amply recompensed by our reception. Lady Macleod, who had lived many years in England, was newly come hither with her son and four daughters, who knew all the arts of southern elegance, and all the modes of English economy. Here, therefore, we

settled, and did not spoil the present hour with thoughts of departure." After describing the castle, some incidents in its history, its situation, antiquarian contents, and some characteristics of the visitors he met within it, he adds: "At Dunvegan I had tasted lotus, and was in danger of forgetting that I was ever to depart, till Mr. Boswell sagely reproached me with my sluggishness and softness." Having described his visits to Ulinish and Talisker, the Doctor concludes his references to the Macleods in the following eulogistic terms:—"Whatever is imagined in the wildest tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried amidst his terror and uncertainty to the hospitality of Raasay or Dunvegan." This was a great, and no doubt well-deserved, compliment from a man who was never known to flatter.

On the 20th of July, 1772, Pennant, who visited Skye the year before Dr. Johnson, also called at Dunvegan, and refers to its young chief as a gentleman of the most ancient and honourable descent, but whose personal character does him infinitely higher honour than this fortuitous distinction. "To all the milkiness of human nature," Pennant says, "usually concomitant on youthful years, is added the sense and firmness of more advanced life. He feels for the distresses of his people, and insensible of his own, instead of the trash of gold, is laying up the treasure of warm affection, and heart-felt gratitude."

General Macleod refers to the visits of these distinguished travellers in the auto-biographical notes already quoted, and informs us that Dr. Johnson's principal object in visiting Skye was "to find proof of the inauthenticity of Ossian's Poems; and in his inquiries it became very soon evident that he did not wish to find them genuine." "I was present," continues Macleod, "in a part of his search; his decision is now well-known; and I will very freely relate what I know of them. Dr. Macqueen, a very learned minister in Skye, attended him; and was the person whom he most questioned, and through whom he proposed his questions to others. The first question he insisted on was whether any person had ever seen the Poems of Ossian in manuscript, as the translator had found them; how and where these manu-

scripts had been preserved ; and whether faith was given to them by the Highlanders ? I must avow that, from the answers given to these questions, he had no right to believe the manuscripts genuine. In this he exulted much, and formed an unjust conclusion, that, because the translator had been guilty of an imposition, the whole poems were impositions. Dr. Macqueen brought him, in my opinion, very full proofs of his error. He produced several gentlemen who had heard repeated in Erse long passages of these poems, which they averred did coincide with the translation ; and he even produced a person who recited some lines himself. Had Dr. Johnson's time permitted, many proofs of the same nature would have been adduced ; but he did not wish for them. My opinion of this controversy," continues General Macleod, "is that the poems certainly did exist in detached pieces and fragments ; that few of them had been committed to paper before the time of the translator ; that he collected most of them from persons who could recite them, or parts of them ; that he arranged and connected the parts, and perhaps made imitative additions for the sake of connexion ; that these additions cannot be large or numerous ; and that the foundations and genuine remains of the poems are sufficiently authentic for every purpose of taste or criticism. It might be wished, for the sake of squeamish critics, that the translator had given them to the world as he found them ; though, as a reader," says Macleod, "I own myself delighted with Fingal and Temora in their present appearance." This is the opinion of an educated Gaelic-speaking man, born as early as 1754, and a contemporary both of Macpherson and of his most inveterate critic, Dr. Johnson. He points out with great effect that while the Doctor applied the laws of evidence in the strictest manner when inquiring into the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, he believed in the second-sight, and listened to all the fables of that nature which abounded in the Highlands without any further evidence than that the number of alleged facts regarding it formed a presumption in its favour. Referring to this peculiarity of Dr. Johnson's mind, General Macleod pointedly remarks that, "no human being is perfect in any thing : the mind which is filled with just devotion is apt to sink into superstition ; and, on

the other hand, the genius which detects holy imposition frequently slides into presumptuous infidelity." Nothing could more appropriately describe Dr. Johnson's views on the Poems of Ossian and on the gift of second-sight claimed for the Highland Seers.

With all his efforts and love for his clan, Macleod soon got tired of his surroundings and responsibilities at the head of his people in the Castle of Dunvegan. His feelings and disappointments cannot be better described than in his own words:—"I remained at home," he says, "with my family and clan till the end of 1774; but I confess that I consider this as the most gloomy period of my life. Educated in a liberal manner, fired with ambition, fond of society, I found myself in confinement in a remote corner of the world; without any hope of extinguishing the debts of my family, or of ever emerging from poverty and obscurity. A long life of painful economy seemed my only method to perform the duty I owed my ancestors and posterity; and the burden was so heavy, that only partial relief could be hoped even from that melancholy sacrifice. I had also the torment of seeing my mother and sisters, who were fitted for better scenes, immured with me; and their affectionate patience only added to my sufferings." At the period to which this passage refers he was still under age, having only completed his twentieth year.

(To be continued.)

LOAN-WORDS IN GAELIC.

[BY PROFESSOR MACKINNON.]

LATIN scholars are able to prove that *c* was pronounced hard in classic times in Rome. Otherwise, both by means of our cognate words, and especially our loan-words, we could prove it for them. In all the Celtic dialects *c* is invariably pronounced with the sound of *k*. From the Latin language the Gaelic people borrowed very early, and they borrowed very freely. But, in direct loans, there is not a single case known to me in which Latin *c* becomes *s* in Gaelic. It is always *c* (*ch*), *g*. Examples are, of course, very numerous: *carpentum* is *carbaid*, and *censum* is *cìs*. *Quorum* is not yet naturalized in English; but the word is quite at home in provincial and vulgar Gaelic, as is evidenced by the phonetic change in dropping the *u* (*còrum*), and by the transfer of meaning, "a compact number" of dubious repute. Sometimes the *c* aspirates: *cleric-us*, for example, becomes *cleireach*. Sometimes it sinks to the medial *g*: *sacerdos* was at first *sacart*, it is now *sagart* or *sagairt*. So *natalicia* became successively *natolic*, *nadolic*, *natholig*, *nollaig*. The patron saint of Ireland was from the rank of his parents entitled to the epithet *patricius*, "patrician," "noble." The Irish people borrowed the Latin adjective, and converted it into a personal name. Their apostle became known as *Patric* or *Patraic*—in later times, *Padruig*, *Padhruig*, *Paruig*. Even this last form, with an epithet attached, becomes abbreviated into *Para*, as in *Para nam mogan*, and, in Macleod's "Dialogues," *Para Mòr*. The English form is *Patrick*, whence *Pat*, a word which certainly resembles its ancestor *patricius* in form more than in meaning. *Peter*, from *Petrus*, is in Gaelic *Peadar*. As a personal name we have allowed this word to fall out of use. It is still retained as a surname. We do not have *Peadar*, but we have *Mac'ille-Pheadair*.

Our Gallic kinsmen, in the words which they borrowed from the living speech of the Romans, changed Latin *c* into French *ch*, and in this form a large number of Latin-French words entered English at the time of the Norman Conquest and afterwards—*chief*, *chieftain*, *chamber*. At a subsequent period, when English

scholars took to borrowing directly from Latin, the same words appear in their native form—*capital*, *capitation*, *camera*. We occasionally borrow into Gaelic a word direct from Latin, and also the same word through French and English. Now, while the Latin *c* appears invariably in Gaelic as *c* (*ch*) and *g*, the French-English *ch* becomes *s*, occasionally *t*, followed by small vowel. In Argyleshire, for example, *caibéal* is a loan direct from the Latin *capella*. The Perthshire people, on the other hand, borrowed the French-English *chapel*, which became *seipeal*, as in Macgregor O'Ruaro :

'S luchd gabaill mo leith-sgeil
Anns an t-seipeil so shios uam.

So *croich* is direct from *cruc*-; but *crois* from English *cross*. Though we have our own *can* 'to sing,' we borrowed *canntaireachd* from Latin *cantare*; not only so, but our *siunnsair* is merely the English-French *chanter*. *Seomar* (chamber); *seipein* (chopin), &c., &c., are further examples of the class. *Tearlach* is the Gaelic for *Charles* (Lat. *carolus*), and has been so for several centuries. A tombstone in Iona bears the following inscription:—*Hic iacet Anna Donaldi Terleti filia quondam priorissa de Iona que obiit anno m^o d^o x^{to} iii^o*.

Again, when English borrows from Latin words with *c* followed by *e*, *i*, *y*, while the guttural is retained in writing, its sound is changed to *s*: *sent*, *circle*, *cynic*. We sometimes borrow into Gaelic words of this class both from Latin and English. Thus *officium*, "a profession," becomes *oifig*, Latin *c* becoming Gaelic *g*; but *office*, "a place of business," is simply *ofais*, English *c* with *s*-sound becoming *s* in Gaelic. In the same way we can show that the word *siobhalta* is not direct from Latin, but through English *civil*. *Siataig*, from *sciaticu*, is common in the North. As Rob Donn has it:—

Na 'm biodh tu laimh ris,
Gu'n deanadh tu gaire,
Ged a bhiodh siataig
'S a' chruachan agad.

Had we taken the word direct from Latin it would be *sciataig*, as *discipulus* is *deisciobul*, not *deisiobul*. Is it because of the abstemiousness of our people, as we would fain believe, or for the very opposite reason that we have not a native word to denote the place where liquor is stored? Even the Latin *cellarium* does not come

to us direct, but through French and English,—*seileir*. The habit of pronouncing after the English fashion grows upon us. We have used the word *Caesar* since we began to read our Bibles, if not earlier, but most clergymen say *Saesar*, instead of the correct *Ceusar*, from the Gaelic pulpit every Sunday.

Anglo-Saxon *c* in the combination *sc* has become in English *sh*. The knowledge of the fact proves to us that while the word *sibht*, e.g., is merely the English *shift*, another group of words cannot have come to Gaelic through English but from the Norse. The Icelandic *skip* is in English *ship*. We have not borrowed the simple word, but *sgiobadh* is the Gaelic word for a ship's crew, *sgiobalta* is "trim" "ship-shape," and *sgiobair* is "skipper," the latter itself a loan in English from Dutch. Even so the presence of *g* in other words proves that they come to us from Scandinavia: the Gaelic *sgòd*, "a sheet," is in Icelandic *scout*; and *sgillinn*, "an English penny" (i.e., the Scots shilling), is from the Norse *skilling*. To express the English shilling we say *sgillinn shasunnach*, 'Saxon penny,' or *tastan* in Gaelic.

The medial *g* like the tenuis *c* is invariably pronounced hard in Latin and Gaelic. In English the sound is hard when the letter is followed by a broad vowel. When followed by *e*, *i*, *y*, the sound varies, though, as a rule, it is soft. In loans from Latin to Gaelic *g* remains *g* (*gh* between vowels). In loans from English hard *g* remains unchanged; soft *g* becomes *s*, sometimes *d* followed by small vowel: *gift*, e.g., is *gibht*, but *gill* becomes *siola*, while *George* is in one district *Seoras*, in another *Deorsa*. By this test we can show that *Geintileach*, "a Gentile," and *geintlidheachd*, "paganism," are loans from Latin direct and not from English. Had we borrowed *Gentile* from English the form would be *Seintileach*. On the other hand *gin*, *ginealach*, etc., are native words, the European cognates being—Gr: *gignō*; Lat: *gigno*; Eng: *kin*; Ger: *kind*, "a child."

As an Indo-European sound *p*, as we have seen, once disappeared from Celtic. In loan-words the letter assumes a variety of forms. *Episcopus* becomes *epsop*, *escop*, by matathesis *easbuig*, the first *p* disappearing altogether. So in *ostal* (the form current among Roman Catholics) for *abstol*, from *apostolus*. Sometimes, as we have seen, *p* changes to *c*,—*pascha* becomes *caisg*. In a large

number of cases, especially in the more modern loans, the letter remains firm, *pearsa*, *Peadar*. When *p* appears in successive syllables, the second letter usually becomes *b*: *populus* is *pobull*, and *pepper* is *peabar*. In the older class of loans a sinking of the tenuis to the medial is common: *opera* becomes *obair*. Occasionally the same word is borrowed more than once. In the earlier loan *p* becomes *b*; in the later it remains unchanged, but always with a difference of meaning. A noted instance occurs in the case of Latin *penna* or *pīnna* (for both forms were in use), for an older *pesna* or *petna*. The root is *pat* or *pet* with the primal idea of "swift motion." It appears in Greek as *petomai*, 'to fly,' *pteron*, 'a wing'; in Latin in such words as *peto*, *accipiter*; in English as *feather*; in Gaelic, with loss of *p*, as *eun*, 'a bird,' and *ite*, 'a feather,' the type of both being found in Old Cym: *etn*. The Latin word, in its twofold form, *penna* and *pinna*, has yielded modern loans both to the Teutonic and Gaelic dialects—in English *pen* and *pin* in Gaelic *peann* and *pinne*.

But we have in Gaelic an earlier loan—*beinn*. We used to regard this word as native to the language as the *bens* themselves are to the country. We ostentatiously lent it to English. However humiliating to our *amour propre*, *beinn* is, I am afraid, neither more nor less than a loan from the Latin. In the St. Gall Ms. 67 a (cf. Ascoli, *Archio: Glott: Ital: Vol: sesto*, Roma and Turino, 1880, and Stokes on Celtic Declension p. 16), *benn muir* glosses *pinna muri*. In old Gaelic, as in Irish to the present day, the form is Nom: *benn*, *beann* (a fem. a-stem) Gen: *beinne*, signifying 'top,' 'pinnacle.' Thus in the hymn of St. Cummain Fota (*Liber Hymnorum*—Todd p. 72) *for benn chroisse* means 'on the top of a cross.' The Iona hymn attributed to St. Columba commences—

Mellach lem bith ind Ucht Ailiuin
For *beind* cairge.

Pleasant to me to be in *Uchd Aluinn*
On the *pinnacle* of a rock.

In Scottish Gaelic the form of the oblique case is now used in the Nom.—*beinn*, but the Gen: Pl: *beann* points to the original form. In my native parish we have preserved the diminutive (*Beannan*) as the name of a hill. When the word came to be applied to a

mountain, another form of the same root was taken to denote *top, pinnacle*. This variant is used as a diminutive only—*binnein*. *Binnein an tempuill*, e.g. is 'pinnacle of the temple' (Matt. iv., 5, Luke iv., 9.) The word is frequent in our topography—*Binnein Ghoraidh*, 'Godfrey's peak,' a bold, projecting cliff in the south of Mull, etc., etc. Verily, the movements of human thought, as revealed in the history of words, are variable as the winds. The Highlander's highest conception, not merely of mass and stability, but of grandeur and sublimity, is associated with the phrase, *Tir nam beann*; yet the word *beinn* is, etymologically, but an elder sister to *peann* and *pinne*, owning as nearest relatives *eun* and *pteron* and *feather*, all descended from a common ancestor whose leading characteristic was "quick movement!"

S is a favourite letter in Gaelic as in Latin, the two languages being in this respect a contrast to Greek and the Brythonic dialects. Gaelic *salann*, Latin *sal*, are in Welsh *halen*, in Greek *hals*; *samhuil* in Gaelic and *similis* in Latin are *havail* in Welsh and *homoios* in Greek. In loans *s* is retained: *suipeir*, *seirbhis*, *seora*. We even prefix the sibilant to some English words beginning with the strong aspirate—*heskle* is *seiceil*, and *handsel* is *sainnseal*.

The dentals *t* and *d* followed by broad vowels are pronounced in Gaelic after the Continental fashion. When followed by small vowels *t* sounds like *ch* in *church*, and *d* like *j* in *jelly*. The distinction is preserved in loans: *target* is *targaid* in Gaelic. We changed the Latin *tunica* to *tonnag*, but the Scotch-English *tunic* is *tiunag* on the lips of Highland girls. By this test we can prove that Gaelic *tearr* is not borrowed from the English or Scotch *tar*, otherwise the form would be *tàrr*, a word which we already have, meaning "belly," but from the Icelandic *tjara*. Similarly we have changed *dominica* to *dòmhnach*, and *desertum* to *diseart*, a word, by-the-way, about which a great deal of nonsense was written recently, one learned gentleman reviving the absurd etymology given from similarity of sound—*Ti a's àirde*, "the highest one." Our word *diuc* is by the sound of the *d* proved to come not direct from Latin *duc-s*, which would yield the form *dùch*, or, as in Welsh, *dùg*, nor even from English *duke*, but from Scotch *d(j)uke*. Even so the English people borrowed correctly our *Diùra*, a Norse word meaning "isle of deer," as *Jura*, just as they borrowed

correctly *journal* from French *journal* from Latin *diurnal*. *Diùrnis*, "the headland of deer," in Skye and Sutherland, they borrowed with varying degrees of wrongness as *Duirinish* and *Durness*.

The Gaelic alphabet has only 18 letters or characters, while Latin has 25 and English 26. We make up our deficiency by distributing the sounds represented by the characters which we do not possess among those we have. Gaelic *c*, e.g., stands for *c*, *k*, and *q*; *s* is included in *s*; and *i* does duty for *y* as well as for itself. The letter *h* we possess, but we use it in a very peculiar manner. Neil M'Alpine, author of the Gaelic Dictionary, says that "the letter is not acknowledged in our alphabet; but to keep the Gaelic in character with us, the Highlanders, who are the BRAVEST and most singular people in the WHOLE WORLD, (as the *Scots Times* says), it is used, not only in every word, but almost in every syllable expressed or understood." As matter of fact, *h* is not an initial sound in Gaelic. It was a favourite initial sound in Latin—hence the *h* in *Helvetii* and *Helvii*. In our own *Hebrides*, neither the *r* nor the *h* belongs of right to the word. Ptolemy writes *Eboudai*. But we frequently insert *h* in order to prevent hiatus between two words forming a grammatical unit: *na h-Abstoil*, "the Apostles"; *d h-I* "from Iona." In *Hy*, as even Dr. Reeves writes the word, the *h* is merely prosthetic. The correct name always was and is *I*, a fem:-a stem, (Gen. *Iae*). We say *I*, but *Caol-i(dh)e* to the present day. The English name *Iona*, I need hardly say, is a mistake for *Iona*, the invariable form in Adamnan, made by some careless or ignorant scribe. But it so happens that the Latin *Columba* is in Hebrew *Iona*, and it was thought that through this channel the island received its name from that of the saint who made it famous. The word, owing its origin to a blunder, and upheld by pious opinion in a credulous age, has been variously explained by speculative etymologists. Even so the *s* in *island* was first inserted by an ingenious editor, and afterwards retained from the mistaken belief that the word was derived from French *isle*, Lat: *insula*. Because we have not initial *h*, the letter is dropped in Gaelic loans: *Hebraeus* is *Eabhrach*, and *Hercules* is *Iorcall*. The Greek hero seems to have been a favourite with the Gaelic people: Alexander Macdonald asks for stroke oar in Clanranald's Birlinn

Iorcallach garbh an tùs cléithe, 'g eubhach shuas oirre.

In Colonsay a huge cleft in the solid rock is called by the people *Uinneag Iorcaill*. *Holland* is '(an) *Olaind*'; *hospital* is *spideal*, as in *Dalnaspidal*. In the case of words imperfectly naturalized initial *h* is retained: *Herod*, *ham*.

The classical *j* is *i* in Gaelic: *Iob*, *Iudhach*. *Judicium* appears as *iudiceachd* in Armstrong's Dictionary, and *justitia* (*justicia*?) is in Armoric *iusticc*. English *j*, like soft *g*, becomes in Gaelic *s* (sounded *sh*), sometimes *de*: *Jean* is *Sine*; *juggler* is *siuglair*; *Janet* is *Seonaid* or *Deonaid*; and *jacket* is *seiceid* and *deacaid*.

Latin *v* usually becomes *f*: *figil* and *fers* from *vigilia* and *versus* are not now used in Scottish Gaelic. But we have *fior* from *ver-* (Welsh *gwir*); *fion* from *vinum* (W. *gwin*); *feart* from *virtus*, and *focal* from *vocalis*. English *v* is written *bh* with much the same sound: *Bhenus*. In one case at least, perhaps through false analogy, *v* becomes *m*: *venture* is *meantair* in the Southern Isles.

The letter *w* is not in Latin. English *w* appears in Gaelic in a variety of forms. As pure vowel it becomes *u*: *Uilleam*. As semi-vowel *w* is written *bh*: *Walter* is *Bhaltar*; *well*, *well* is *bhuil*, *bhuil*; *wig* is *bhuige*. The sound sometimes hardens into *b*: *warrant* is *barrantas* (Welsh *gwarant*) and *witch* is *buitseach*. *Wh*, as is well known, is pronounced in Scotland with a strong guttural sound: *who* is *choo*, *which* is *chuich*. In some districts the sound becomes *f*: *where* is *far* in Aberdeen. The difference between English and Scotch in this respect is in part at least due to Gaelic influence. The Highland people pronounce *wh* with even a stronger guttural sound than the Lowland Scotsman: *wherry* is *chuirri*. Not only so; but precisely as Celtic *cu* in *cuilean* e.g. becomes Teutonic *wh* in *whale*, English *wh* becomes *cu* in Gaelic: *wheel* is *cuidheall* (if you observe carefully the English pronunciation you will find that it is diphthongal *we-el*, like the Gaelic); *whist* is *cuiet*; *whip* is *cuiip*; *whig* is *cuiyse*. This latter word came into use among Highlanders at the time of the Revolution, and denoted the government of William and afterwards of the Georges, as opposed to the party in favour of the Stewarts. The minister who conformed to Presbyterianism was *ministair na cuigse*. Duncan Macintyre commences his poem on the battle of Falkirk—

"Latha dhuinn air machair Alba
Na bha dh' armailt aig a' chuige."

The poet, who much preferred to be on the other side, meant the army of King George.

In recent loans *x* is in Gaelic *cs*: box, *e.g.*, is in the South Highlands pronounced *bocsa*, in the North *bocus*. In process of time *x* becomes simple *s*, the several stages being *cs*, *gs*, *ghs*, *s*. *Brazy* is spelled *bragsaidh* in Gaelic. *Saxon* appears as *Saghsunn* before it becomes *Sasunn*. So *Alexander* becomes finally *Alastair* and *axillum*, *aisil*.

The English *th* defies the vocal chords of the Celt, as it does those of every person not born to the sound of it. In Gaelic literature *thrall* is *tràill* and *thanks* is *taing*. But a grateful Highlander cannot say *thanks*, he says *sanks*. So in Rob Donn *thousand* is *sùsdan*. Probably we all number among our acquaintances more than one person who reads several languages, and who pronounces *three* either *sree* or *tree*.

The subject is a wide one. I have merely glanced at the channels through which words have passed from other languages to Gaelic, and at the changes of form which the words have undergone in the process. Of greater interest, as an index to the history and character of the people, would be the *kind* of words which the Gael has borrowed, and the changes of meaning to which he subjected them. It was a warlike people who changed *laic-us*, "one not consecrated to the priesthood," to *laoch*, "a warrior," "a hero." They were also a one-sided people. They overlooked the fact that the faithful minister is also a soldier, who daily braves danger and death in a thousand forms.

As I said at the outset, when peoples meet they *exchange* words and ideas. I have spoken of some of the words which the Scottish Celt has borrowed. Those which he lent will be considered some other day.

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

III.

BARDIC contests seem to have been a natural outgrowth of the early stages in the progressive civilization of certain races. Homer and Hesiod, in Greece, and our own Ossian and St. Patrick, in Scotland, are all alleged to have tried their mettle in those jousts of genius. In the middle ages emulative minstrels crowded the courts and castles of the Latin princes and barons. Among the Celts trials of wit—poetical and otherwise—have until quite recently been very popular.* The old Gaelic bards were powerful in repartee. When two of them met, it was always expected that they should fall upon each other with weapons of the keenest satire—the most rasping sarcasm. The manners of the time were by no means against the employment of abusive personalities in such encounters. In my last paper I referred to Cailleachan-tuiridh. I shall now give some account of a contest which took place between two of them, having had an opportunity of gathering up a few relics of the ancient fray.

Once upon a time Cluny and The Mackintosh being “drinking wine,” the latter, full of boastfulness, extolled the merits of his Cailleach-tuiridh, and offered a wager that Cluny could find none on his property fit to cope with her. Cluny immediately took up the bet; and in due course the gifted champions entered the lists. She of Moy, as in duty bound, threw down the gauntlet, and did so in these terms:—

Gheibhte sid an Tigh na Maigh,
 Ol is fìdhleireachd is aighear,
 Farum sloda ris na fraighean,
 Cur ban-tighearnan laidhe.

* The Eisteddfodd still keeps alive the national bardic fire of the Welsh; and it is surely to be regretted that we have no similar institution for the Highlands. Why should there not be a *third day* of the Northern Meetings devoted to the patronage of the Celtic Muse?

The upholder of the honour of Clan Mhuirich triumphantly rejoined :—

Gheibhte sid an Tigh Chluainidh,
Cuirm is copan is cuachan,
Teine mor air bheagan luaithre,
'S iad féin ag òl air fion uaibhreach.

Cailleach crìon dubh, bus dubh, cas dubh,
Cuiridh mis' thu 'n taobh is ait leam,
* * * *

'Ghaoil Lachlainn, na biodh gruaim ort,
Cha do ghlac do mhathairse buarach,
Plaide bhàn chuir mu 'guallainn,
Ach sìoda dearg is sròl uaine.

'Nuair théid Lachlann do Dhùn-Eidinn,
Le 'each crùidheach, craobhach, leumnach,
Air beulaobh an rìgh gheibh e éisdeachd,
'S gheibh a ghillean gun e féin e.

Both the female combatants had much the same ideas of domestic grandeur. Their verses afford a delightful glimpse of high life in the olden time. Lachlann of Cluny had no cause for shame. *His* mother had never milked a cow. She did not wear the simple plaiding of common folks; but red silk with sash of green. When Cluny rode to Edinburgh in state, the King always paid particular attention to his suit; nay—and this is the crowning proof of his importance—even his servants could discharge his business in the royal presence.

The above is the version of the contest, which was given me by a residenter on Cluny's estate. Probably the account of the proceedings preserved among the Mackintoshes would attribute the best part of the argument to their own bard.

On another occasion the Chief of the Mackintoshes wagered his estates—this was the favourite stake in those days, according to tradition—that Macdonald could bring forward no one from his country who would be able to supply a rhyme to suit a single line which his Cailleach-tuiridh chose to propose. Macdonald accepted the terms; the day of trial arrived, and the line was given forth :—

Da chois chapuill caoil mu'n chrò.

This was a great poser. At first no one attempted to meet the challenge. Finally, the Gille Maol Dubh—that ubiquitous and invariably fortunate individual—came forward. Macdonald stood with a cup of wine for the winner in his hand. On the arrival of the Gille Maol Dubh, the Cailleach, now certain of victory, repeated her line; whereupon the rival of her genius improvised this verse:—

An cupan sin tha 'n laimh O'Domhnuill
Air chuir thairis le airgiod 's le òr
Olaidh mi 'n deoch air a shlàint'
Is da chois chapuill caoil mu'n chrò.

Although the merit of the rhyme is not now very apparent, it was agreed that the Gille Maol Dubh had so far won the day. The Pythoness, enraged at the prospect of defeat, exclaimed—

Is math thig am bradan an daigear (aigeal?) na h-ajmhne.

Without a moment's hesitation, her quick-witted antagonist clenched the couplet:—

Is fearr thig do thoic as, an glogan na goille.

The Gille Maol Dubh was completely victorious. His last words, "an glogan na goille," rather ungallantly, refer to the mortified and angry expression which had replaced that of proud self-complacence (*toic*) on the countenance of the worsted champion. How The Mackintosh managed to retain his estates after this overthrow, tradition saith not.

I do not think that the date of these poetical passages-at-arms can be placed later than the sixteenth century. Both the language and allusions indicate a high degree of antiquity. I shall conclude this paper by recounting a duel, on similar lines, which took place some four or five score years ago. A peculiar respect was rendered to an individual who was understood to possess the *divinus afflatus* of the bard—not so much in honour of his genius, as on account of his sharp tongue, which, by a single distich, might fasten permanent ridicule upon those whom he disliked. Now, it came about that a certain household in Badenoch became impatient of the constant visits of a certain bard. But, fearful lest they might give him cause of offence, they carefully concealed their feelings of aversion from his observation. Although the family were famed for hospitality, the bard's

persistence at length was intolerable, and the goodwife resolved that she would endure it no longer. The next time the bard was announced, in place of appearing herself as usual, she sent—probably in accordance with a pre-arranged scheme—a precocious herd-boy to entertain the unwelcome visitor. This was the colloquy which ensued—(It had been a rainy day, and the lad having entered with soaking clothes, etc., presented rather a sorry spectacle):—

Bard—Cia as thàin' am prataidh truagh?

Boy—Bho na bhean bhasaich mhin.

Bard—Is lom 's is tana do ghruaidh.

Boy—Cha laidh tuar air cion a' bhldh.

Bard—Na 'm bu mhi thu 's mi gu'n goideadh.

Boy—Ged bu t-thu mi 's iad nach leigeadh.

The bard, perceiving that he had been checkmated in his own province of wit, at once got up and left the house, notwithstanding the prudential attempts made to detain him for the night. Nor could he afford to cast any characteristic obloquy upon the household, which would but the more draw attention to his inglorious defeat.

T. S.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Is ioma rud a ni dithis dheonach.

Many a thing a willing pair will do.

Tha ortsa cualach a' ghille leisg.

You have on you the lazy lad's burden.

Loth pheallagach 's proitseach luideagach, da rud 's na dean tair orra.

A shaggy filly and a ragged boy, two things you must not despise.

Na trì radhchan is grinne 'sa' Ghaidhlig:—

Mo chuid fhein ;

Mo bhean fhein ;

Theid sinn dachaidh.

The three finest sayings in Gaelic :—

My own property ;

My own wife ;

Let us go home.

GLASGOW STUDENTS.

V.

[BY W. J. DOUGLAS.]

AMONG human powers that which is most wonderful in itself and most delightful in its exercise is the power of inner seeing, the faculty of the mental eye. He who possesses it can in the winter surround himself with the beauties of the spring, and make the darkest night glorious and glad with the splendours of the dawn. It is more wondrous than the electric telegraph which only defeats space—it annihilates time. In the winking of an eye you overleap years as the electric spark overleaps continents and seas. The past becomes the present. Or rather you feel that there is no past at all. Your own life, all life, all history expands into one vast luminous present. Thus, when selecting, as I mean to do, in this article some few types of Scottish Students, so many types arise vividly before me with characteristics grotesque or beautiful, low or sublime, that I am bewildered which to take and which to leave. For those who think that the Scottish nature is uniform strangely deceive themselves. No people have so much variety within so little space. Nowhere are so many natures, strangely complex and subtle, so difficult to decipher, so impossible to describe. There is a simplicity of characteristics about the Englishman or the Irishman or, in a less degree, the Welshman that makes it comparatively easy to write his natural history. But no one ever could describe a Scotchman who had not ten generations of Scotchmen for his own immediate ancestors. The common characteristic is very subtle, very difficult to grasp, and the variations are amazingly numerous and contradictory. At times all their variety and contradiction unite in some one man like Burns or Carlyle, who presents the world with some marvellous and mighty work that can be judged neither by ordinary criticism nor by ordinary critics. Thus, I select my types recklessly and at mere random from a crowd that rise to my imagination numerous enough and marked enough to found a whole *Comedie Humaine*.

Here first comes one in whom you mark the sternness and strength of older times. Begotten, you judge at once and rightly, of a puritan ancestry. For centuries his fathers have sung their psalm at eventide, and have believed with all their heart and soul in the great system which Calvin built, heaping mountain on mountain. His mouth is set and firm, his eyes bend sternly on the earth, every instinct of his nature calls out against ease and idleness. Each wasted moment will be noted and repented. Not without humour either. For those who love soft and easy roads and gentle resting-places from the heat, and the greenness and the gladness of the world, he has many a bitter, clever gibe and jest. Earth was made for labour. Men are convicts working out, under the lash of Time, the sentence of penal servitude pronounced on Adam. Sometimes he feels nature putting out to him her sweet, soft arms of dreams and restfulness. He flies from her embraces as from a temptation of the evil one. He must work on and work always, and for consolation he asks himself, "Have I not eternity to rest in?" Such a spirit takes learning by storm. The Latin that flows from his pen is graceful and correct, the Greek classics are as familiar to him as Shakespeare should be to all of us, Syriac and Sanscrit, Hebrew and Arabic have yielded up to him their secrets. In the mental sciences he is peerless and alone. No mediæval scholiast ever exercised himself more thoroughly in the fierce severities of Logic. He could, without a moment's hesitation, give you encyclopedic information on everything that every thinker has ever thought from Thales to Spencer. Now, all this work is done, all this knowledge gained in furtherance of one idea. He wishes to be useful to his church, and he sees in learning the means of usefulness that he is fitted to employ. Alas! our scholiast is born too late—centuries too late. The great old preachers to whose fame and usefulness he aspires are out of court. What congregation would now sit with stern patience three hours by the clock, weighing every thought, appreciating every sentence, while the minister with stately eloquence unrolled his difficult argument upon some obscure point of doctrine? Now, if the minister exceeded twenty minutes, he would see evident impatience, if he passed half an hour a whole alarmed

and indignant congregation would fix its eyes upon the clock. There is many a fine scholar and deep clear thinker in our Scottish churches who feels that his life has been lost and wasted. His congregation will not take the trouble to understand him, and, strive as he may, he can find no method of making himself understood. Neither are to blame. Simply they were not made for one another. And so our scholar may find himself passing almost an idler through that life which he meant to be one unceasing task. The world of severe and lofty thought into which he has forced his way joins at no point with the humble parochial world that is about him. Severe theological controversy is of the past. The milk-and-chalk and water of human kindness is universal. And so, perhaps, our scholar becomes careless in his dress and eccentric in his habits. He dies at length, and the eminent Rev. Roaring Dove of Glasgow or Edinburgh, for whose acquirements he had always a slight contempt, preaches his funeral sermon, and jingles together the hackneyed phrases and worn-out conceits that are eloquence. His parishioners refer to him as "that unco learned but kind-hearted body the late meenister."

When a pilgrim stranger stopped in the street of an American town and shouted "General," seventeen citizens, says the malicious chronicler, promptly responded to the call. So I am almost afraid to describe the Rev. Roaring Dove; the description may be so widely applied. When first I knew Roaring Dove at school he was a dirty little wretch, whose hands were always sticky, and who always told the strict untruth. Roaring Dove, however, blossomed and flowered. He just managed to get through his college classes. But then, he assures me, all the professors had a dislike to him. On the other hand, he acquired much college fame by being a member of everything and speaking everywhere. He was an anti-tobacconist and a vegetarian, and a member of every other society for forcing men to be good. At political meetings he always rose to his feet to expound some startling fact of the two-and-two-make-four order. Generally he was stamped down in the middle of his third sentence, but if a committee were appointed, Roaring Dove was sure to be on it. There he was the terror and hatred of every college leader. Chairmen cursed

him, secretaries trembled at his name. Whenever anything was as clear as daylight, Roaring Dove would insist upon explaining it; whenever the committee were unanimous upon a certain course of action, Roaring Dove would detail, at length, reasons why they should adopt it. His talent for trite phrases was gigantic, his powers of commonplace titanic. At length he passed "the Hall," and the leaders of the Conservative and Liberal parties, who had not exchanged words for a month, cordially congratulated each other on his absence. Roaring Dove was not long without a pulpit. In fact, congregations quarrelled for him and Kirk Sessions outbad each other. He accepted a call to five hundred a year. At once a wave of evangelical life passed over the young ladies of the congregation—the lambs of the flock. He married, and for a wonder he did not lose his popularity. His wife was a capital manager, and began by managing her husband. Take him all in all, he is rather a good-hearted, simple soul. He actually believes in his own eloquence. Prosperity makes him genial. Even those of his brother-clergymen who at college would never let him speak two consecutive sentences, are now eager, on great collection days, that he should occupy their pulpits. They are perfectly right. If we are not to honour success, what *are* we to honour? Therefore, it is with profound reverence that we part from the Rev. Roaring Dove.

Cynical people are always asking what becomes in the world of all those who were great in the University? Perhaps the answer is that great men are plentiful, but it requires untoward circumstances to make great lives. Had there been no bigoted King Charles, Cromwell might peaceably have grown fat in the rearing of fat cattle. Had matters gone a little more smoothly in Stratford, Shakespeare might have all his days cut chops. Had St. Paul been born a century earlier, he would probably never have been anything but an able lawyer. Had Mr. Pope been strong and handsome, he would have polished his person to please the ladies rather than his verse to please the critics. So I believe that every day we walk and talk with potentially great ones. If fate knocked at their door they would be ready. But fate passes carelessly by, and the lamp which might be trimmed

to lighten the world burns dimly enough and goes out in its forgotten corner.

Few of us who have ever seen can forget Mr. Maximus Don. His face was dark and proud, yet gentle withal, like the face of a knightly soldier on some olden canvass. His eyes, when he raised them from the ground, gleamed with a strange brightness. His clothes, in his contempt of criticism, were habitually threadbare, and yet fitted gracefully his figure. Friends he had few or none. Lonely and absorbed, he walked rapidly as he went from one part of college to the other. Yet those few who at rare intervals met him in friendly association recognised in him a mind exquisitely sweet. His soul was like a fine instrument, and could not but discourse sweet music. He was absolutely consumed by a hunger and a thirst for knowledge. It burned like a fever in his blood. Bending over a book, his cheek would flush and his eye would gleam with the scholar's passion. Nothing came amiss to him. Science, art, law, theology, were, each in its turn, attacked and mastered. And his mastery was real. With powerful glance he would pierce to the very centre and soul of his subject, and it would then arrange itself in his mind in ordered completeness. His English style was in itself a thing of the severest art and beauty. And what will he be, what do? Probably nothing. At the end of his life he will be a past master of every art and science—and that will be all. Somehow the spring of his life has not been touched, no adequate ambition has been aroused. He might have been anything, he will be nothing, nothing.

Most painful and yet most laughable is the position of the village Milton who comes to take college by surprise, and finds himself as totally ignored as if he were nobody. Poor John Rusticus—"oor Jone." He is generally the sweet singer of Ruraldom, and though his father is by no means sure that verse-making is scriptural, yet he is proud at heart. Those "Thoughts at Dawn" in the *County Chronicle* completely overcame him. The amazing genius of young John is the talk of the clachan. At last it is resolved that he shall be a "meenister." Then out comes the little hoard that the worthy old souls, his father and his mother, have laid by for a rainy day. *Aut Ceasar aut Nihil,*

when Principal Caird is ready to retire, "oor Jone" will just be ready to step into his shoes. Away, blythe and confident from the cows and the turnips, goes Rusticus to astonish the natives of Glasgow. Perhaps the last advice he gets is not to be too proud and puffed up with the flattery of a wicked city. He soon finds that flattery is not likely to be his rock-ahead. The coinage of his brain is not the currency of the University. The Poet Laureate of the *County Chronicle* gets neither praise nor blame—he does not even get a hearing. In the Latin class he meets smart boys fresh from the Grammar School, who can knock off a dozen verses while he is patiently labouring over one. Wearily his first session drags itself past. His native village waits impatiently for him to arrive home with a wagon load of prizes. Alas! all he has is a poor certificate that he has done "fairly well." Flown are all his hopes, and dead his ambitions. If he is wise he returns to Nature and the cows, if he is not wise he becomes a schoolmaster and enters into a feeble, useless rivalry with able men specially trained for the great duties of education.

A most familiar and agreeable figure in our Scottish Universities is the young gentleman who is meant for the bar, and is sure to succeed at the bar. You recognise him at once. Rather inclined to elegance, even to foppishness in his dress, clean cut fresh fine features, delicate long white fingers, a steady penetrating eye, an agreeable address, a calm half-cynical method of hearing and weighing all you say, a habit of savage sarcasm in the Dialectic Society, a general belief that everything was made to be argued about except law, and that law is perfect. You might inform him that you held the religious opinions of M. Voltaire or the Member for Northampton, and he would tell you that a judicious mind would find much cause to argue even for such a point of view. But hint to him that Chancery is not perfection, that the Court of Session might by any possibility be improved, and he will arise in his wrath and smite you with his eloquence. He will treat with toleration an idea that the earth is not round but flat, but the idea that all human and divine excellence does not reside in Blackstone will excite his utmost pity and contempt. Law is a mystery, and lawyers its priests. Those who have not an absolute and unquestioning reverence for both are the

foes of society. These elect novices of the lawyer priesthood, outside of law, are the very best of good fellows. They are well read, although often they read without for one moment losing the idea that all sorts of information are useful to a lawyer. They read the address of Satan to the infernal House of Lords, and criticise it as they might criticise Lord Brougham's address to the earthly peers, when he defended the famous queen of the infamous king. They are very fond, too, of all innocent gaieties, and of some that are perhaps not quite so innocent. They lead in college, largely because they suppose it natural for them to lead. Each of them is perfectly sure that he will rise from the bar to the bench.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

Vol. XII. 1885-86. Inverness : Printed for the Society.

THIS is the largest volume that the Gaelic Society of Inverness has ever published, and it is also the best. Nor is it the best merely because it is the largest, for we believe that page for page the matter in the volume is also about the best that has appeared in the excellent volumes which this Society has placed in the hands of its members. It contains 19 papers or lectures, besides accounts of the annual assembly and annual dinner, held in summer and winter respectively, at which speechifying appears to be a not unimportant feature. The Provost of Inverness leads off with the paper on the Celtic Church which appeared in the columns of this magazine. Mr. Charles Ferguson gives the second and finishing part of his paper on the Names of Birds. Mr. Ferguson's work is neither a mere dry list of names in dictionary form, nor is it disfigured by the usual etymological guesswork that accompanies such efforts, but it is a most interesting and readable paper, giving apt anecdotes, historical and

literary references, and numerous superstitions in regard to birds. Mr. Colin Chisholm continues his *Old Gaelic Songs*, and Mr. Duncan Campbell gives an excellent account of the Isle of Man, its appearance, history, and language. Mr. Macbain's paper forms a handy introduction to the study of Gaelic Heroic Literature, and more especially to Campbell's "*Leabhar na Feinne*." Mrs. Mackellar's contribution deals with *Unknown Lochaber Bards*, and it is marked by her usual literary grace and full knowledge of local song and lore. The "quaint conceit" of white-robed Ben-Nevis going as a bride to be married to some grey-headed giant ben of "*Morar*," is, indeed, a striking one, and of no little importance to the student of the birth and growth of myths. A paper on Archibald Grant, the Glenmoriston bard, follows, wherein Mr. Macdonald allocates the poet his position among Gaelic bards, and gives interesting facts about his life. Mr. Wm. Mackay's paper, "*A famous minister of Daviot*," is one of the most important contributions in the volume, throwing, as it does, such light on the social and religious history of the Highlands at the beginning of last century. The Paganism of the people in those days comes strongly to the front, and the contrast it presents with the religiosity of the end of the century and the beginning—indeed the whole—of this century is highly suggestive. Mr. John Macdonald's paper on "*Smuggling in the Highlands*" is already known to our readers, and its merits highly appreciated. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie writes on the "*Change of ownership of land in Ross-shire*." The paper is of high historical value. Mr. Maclean writes on the Parish of Rosskeen, and Canon Thoyts on the relations of Welsh and Gaelic. Professor Mackinnon's lecture on the Dialects of Scottish Gaelic marks the beginning of a new era in the study of that language. He finds that Gaelic branches into two main dialects, the Northern and the Southern, with very marked differences in pronunciation, diction, and idiom—

"The boundary line between the two," he says, "is a waving line, but, roughly speaking, it may be described as passing up the Firth of Lorn to Loch Leven, then across country from Ballachulish to the Grampians, thereafter the line of the Grampians. The country covered by the Northern dialect was of old the country of the Northern Picts. The portion of Argyleshire south of the boundary line, with Bute and Arran, formed the Kingdom of Dalriada. The Gaelic district south of the Grampians belonged to the Southern Picts. This twofold division has probably an

historical basis, as well as a very distinct geographical boundary. It owes its origin to the settlement of the Dalriadic Colony in South Argyle, and its continuance to the greater influence of Irish literature within the Southern district."

Two papers of documents follow—"Some Unpublished Letters of Simon Lord Lovat," by Lochiel, and the "Granting of Diplomas of Gentle Birth," by Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh. These papers form valuable materials for the historian. Mr. Alexander Ross writes an interesting and full, though concise, account of Old Highland Industries. The last paper is by Mr. Alexander Macpherson on "Gleanings from the Old Ecclesiastical Records of Badenoch," a paper which again brings out the Paganism that existed before the wave of religious revival passed over the Highlands towards the end of last century. Copious and most interesting quotations are made from the Kingussie Session Records, from the earliest extant in 1724 to the year 1751. A second paper is to follow this one. The tribute which the Publishing Committee pay the late secretary, Mr. Mackenzie, who was last summer made Principal Clerk to the Crofters' Commission, is well merited, and none the less so for placing this excellent volume as a parting service in the hands of the members.

OUTLINES OF A HISTORY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. By H. A. Strong, LL.D., and Kuno Meyer, Ph.D. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London. 1886.

THAT this History of the German Language would on *a priori* grounds have an interest for Celtic students is a fact guaranteed by the name of Dr. Kuno Meyer. And we are not disappointed in such expectations, for the references to Celtic throughout are interesting and important, as we might expect from one of Dr. Meyer's scholarly knowledge of the Celtic languages. The book, though a history of the German language, is one that will prove useful to the student of general philology, for over a third of it deals with Indo-European philology as a whole. This portion of the work, in conciseness and accuracy—the accuracy of the latest and best views—surpasses anything that we have hitherto seen. The chapter on Language, and the portion of it on Dialects

especially, is admirable, nor less to be praised is the second chapter on Language and Thought. The account of the Indo-European language in the third chapter contains the latest views of the advanced school of philologists. The system of grouping is adopted, and nine leading groups are distinguished—Indian, Iranian, Armenian, Greek, Italian, Celtic, Slavonic, Lettic, and Teutonic. The old idea of branches, where two or three groups are joined together, as the Gracco-Italo-Celtic, and the consequent belief that these larger groups had a period of common existence apart from the rest, is practically abandoned. The fact that the Celtic passive in *r* has scarcely any other parallel than the Latin similar passive—for our authors point out the *r* of the Italian *-re* and *-rate*—only proves on this theory that the original Indo-European tongue had a passive in *r* as well. “The view, then, generally accepted,” say the authors, “at the present day, as to the primitive language of the Indo-Europeans, is that it must have developed into dialects before the separation of the different peoples composing the Indo-European stock.” The home of this people was in “the Highlands of Central Asia, to the west of Belurtag and Mustag.” Which group broke off first cannot be decided at present with any certainty. The conquest of Europe is thus briefly described:—“In Europe the Basque population was pushed further and further back by the IE. tribes; possibly the Etruscans were the remnants of some such ancient race. Besides these, the Finnish-Tschudic peoples (of which the Finns, the Hungarians, and the Turks are the modern representatives) seem to have occupied the North of Europe before the Indo-Europeans. (Indeed, the Russians themselves believe that Moscow was till three or four centuries ago a Finnish capital.) Many tribes may have gone down before the mighty Indo-Europeans, with their high intellectual development; and, indeed, the course of history points to the fact that peoples are constantly giving way and disappearing before others, but that really new races are not formed.” These last are very significant words. The state of culture among the Indo-Europeans is briefly sketched. “The family relations were very precisely defined, as is commonly the case among nomads, who think more of the tribe than the community.” We know that they “believed in a simple religion,

worshipping mainly the great powers of nature, such as the orbs of heaven : that they were in some degree settled, and were acquainted with at least one kind of grain ; that oxen, horses, sheep, and dogs were already domesticated by them, though agriculture itself seems to have been practised on no large scale." They counted only to 999, for the word for "thousand" is not agreed on by the descendant families, and hence we infer its non-existence in the parent tongue. "The Celtic borrowed *mil* from Latin *mille*;" we wonder what Dr. Whitley Stokes would say to this? In his "Celtic Declension," he considers it native. "The designation of the different parts of the body are common to most IE. languages." "The common word to express God means 'Shining One.'" The words for night, month, and summer seem to be an IE. inheritance, but not those for the divisions of the day or year. And this important pronouncement on mythology is made : "The personification of the phenomena and conceptions of nature—or mythology properly so-called—must, in spite of certain points of agreement between different nations have originated at a later period, for in the oldest records of the Indian, viz., the Vedic hymns, we find these for the most part still in process of growth. The agreement is to be explained by the common stock of the conceptions of nature which underlies mythology." Almost any page of the book contains such suggestive judgments as those given above; indeed, the book is eminently one of judgments, owing to its conciseness, and we hope the authors may some day give us an extended work on the Indo-European languages. One of their *obiter dicta*, to which, however, we are inclined to demur, is this : "The Picts also were undoubtedly a Celtic people, but the remains of their language are so scanty that it is impossible to establish their exact position in the Celtic group." The Picts were, in historic times, as far as language is concerned, Celtic, and we think it not quite impossible to prove, especially from place names, that the Pictish language was of the British or Welsh type. The remarks on the disappearance of the Old German god-ballads before Christianity, while the hero-ballads held their ground better as little opposed to the Christian faith, find interesting parallels in the ancient literature of the Irish Celt. Altogether, this work is one which we heartily admire and commend.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness held its fifteenth annual dinner on Tuesday, the 18th January. In enthusiasm, numbers, and oratory, the meeting was certainly above the average of even the Gaelic Society's excellence. Provost Macandrew, in the unavoidable absence of the Chief, Mr. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, occupied the chair, and acquitted himself with the usual scholarly grace which he shows in Celtic matters. In wishing "Success to the Gaelic Society," he referred to the absence of the old home industries of the Highlands, the distaff, the spinning wheel, the loom, and the making of shoes and clothes in the old style; and he gave it as his opinion that if the Highlanders are to live on their native soil—and this is a main object of the Gaelic Society—they must return to these old industries, and give up the luxuries of modern civilization. They must be self-contained in fact. We are afraid the Provost must return to Protection for the Highlands, and abandon Free Trade altogether in the circumstances. What is known as political economy is, however, a difficult science to apply to a country like the Highlands, and the Provost does a service in drawing attention to this phase of the subject.

THE Society is to have another session of brilliant work. Already papers are announced from our leading Gaelic *savants* and historical students; and we sincerely trust that their funds can stand the strain of the yearly publication of large volumes such as the last. Meanwhile we are glad to find that some of the richer members see that this strain is imminent, and that they are sending voluntary contributions. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie has generously led the way with a donation to the publishing fund of £5. The Chief for this year is to be Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the new secretary is Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, who formerly acted as treasurer.

THE advent of the new Commission on Scotch Education has once more brought the teaching of Gaelic to the front. We already took note of Dr. Clerk's plea for Gaelic teaching, and also of his scheme of instruction in and through that language. Now Professor Mackinnon comes forward to point out the practical difficulty that confronts us: there are very few teachers that know, and are able to teach, the Gaelic, and the supply of even these is diminishing, owing to the fact that Gaelic pupil-teachers scarcely ever get into the Normal Colleges, for they are handicapped by their Gaelic and their inefficient training, and the competition of southern P.T.'s is too strong for them. What provision has the Department made to meet this difficulty? A pupil-teacher may be employed to teach Gaelic, and may earn the Parliamentary grant of £3, and he is further allowed to pass with two years apprenticeship, provided he enters a preparatory school so as to enable him to compete successfully at the mid-summer Normal examinations. He is *allowed* to attend this preparatory school, not *helped*, although a sum of £27,000 is spent annually on the training of teachers, that is, practically, on south country teachers. Surely the Government ought to give a helping hand to the pupil-teacher at such a preparatory school, and further encourage the school by a grant for every successful pass at the Normal examinations.

We believe the Gaelic Schedule is also under consideration. The following is a course of Gaelic instruction as a specific subject which has lately been submitted to us, and which is really very fair:—"Stage I.—Grammar: Article, noun, and adjective. Reading and Translation of plain narrative. Translation of simple sentences (three or four) into Gaelic (oral). Stage II.—Grammar: Same as above with pronoun and regular verb. Improved reading of Gaelic narrative. Translation into Gaelic of short simple sentences. Stage III.—Grammar, and knowledge of Gaelic reading-book of ordinary difficulty. Translation of longer sentences into Gaelic. Gaelic dictation and conversation." The weakness of this Gaelic course is that it somewhat forgets that Gaelic is the mother tongue of the presentees in the subject.

DR. WHITLEY STOKES has published an improved and extended form of his "Celtic Declension" in a German periodical—in the 11th vol. of the *Beiträge zur Kunde der Indo-Germanischen Sprachen*. He has made many additions, some corrections and one or two omissions in the work as it here appears compared to its form in the Philological Society's Transactions. The additions are mainly in the larger number of words he gives us belonging to the various declensions. He omits the excellent, but all too short, account of the Celtic pronouns, but we hope he will soon be able to give us all the more full discussion on their forms and relations.

DR. STOKES is besides publishing in the new volume of the Philological Society's Transactions another and fuller edition of the Breton Glosses at Orleans. He printed them first privately at Calcutta in 1881 from the transcript of the late Mr. Bradshaw. M. Loth, in 1884, also published them with some inaccuracies. Now Dr. Stokes publishes them once more with his usual full and admirable philological commentary. Many Gaelic words are proved here to be connected with the British, and their Indo-European connection further shown. No Gaelic scholar of any philological pretension can do without this volume.

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